THE TAPSTERS DOWNFALL AND THE DRUNKARDS JOY,

Or, a Dialogue between *Leather-beard* the Tapster of the Sheaves, and *Ruby-nose*, one of his ancient acquaintance, who hath formerly eaten three stone of Roast Beefe on a Sunday morning; but now (being debarred of that Priviledge) sleights him; and resolves to drinke wine altogether.

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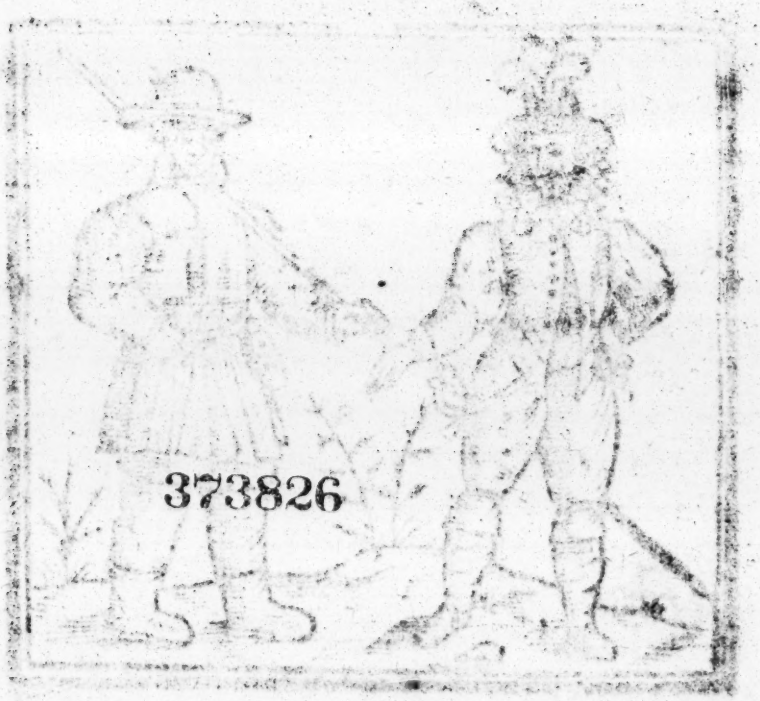

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THE TAPSTERS DOWNFALL

and the Drunkards joy, or a dialogue betweene Leather-beard the Tapster of the Sheaves and Ruby Nose, &c.

Leather-beard.

WHither away M. Ruby; will you not know your old friends; now they grow poore.

Ruby-nose.

Now you grow poore I hold it a gentle Garbe to be willing to forget you.

Leather-beard.

What not one cup more of our briske beere which hath set that Tincture in your well dyed scarlet face; are you resolved to leave us so? this is most discourteously done of you.

Ruby-nose.

I cannot stay faith, more serious imployments draw me away.

Leather-beard.

What doe you say, will you tug a peece of rosted Beefe for all your hast?

Ruby-nose. Yes were it sunday morning.

Leather-beard. Truly Master Ruby-nose you doe not well to jeere your poore friends now they are in misery; you know I have ever been officious and used you with all due respects and

never denyed to let you in upon any Sunday morning (when you had money, and now you see wee are debarred of our former priviledges doe you jeere us?

Ruby-nose. You mistake your selfe. I doe not jeere you, neither doe I know of any distast that befell you, or howy ou are likly to fall into poverty: you only tell me you are growne poore; which is sufficient to make me contemne you, or any else which I heare are like to fall in the base condition of poverty, especially when I consider how (*Hecatasors*) hath prosperously saluted me with happy tidings, nay rather raptures.

Leather-beard. You make me to stand amazed to heare of this your suddaine transformation, pray doe me the favour to let me heare what is that good newes that was so lately transported to your ambitious eares.

Ruby-nose. With due reuerence of your worships leather thinne-grown beard you shall excuse me, yet if you doe relate your ill newes first it is very like I shall tell you my good newes; Therefore if you please you may begin first.

Leather-beard. With a most sorrowfull heart I will relate unto you the saddest newes that ever befell unto us Squires of the drawing society of the Tap.

Rubynose. Good small Beard proceed.

Leather-beard. Why you know the benefit: my masters poore widdow got every sunday morning

morning by her thinne cut halfe slices of rosted Beefe, how she made the gent to pay for the vinegar and pepper they eate with the rost-beefe at prayer time; and how I sould my Ale and Beere all that time at Bawdy houses prizes.

Rub. I am very sensible of it.

Leath. I know likewise you are not ignorant of what innumerable numbers of minced Pies wee sould every sunday at dinner, and what benefit wee made of the refuse of the slashed rost beefe.

Rub. I know all this very well.

Leath. Nay, one of the chiefest matters is behind; How many great grose of Plumb-cakes and Cheese-cakes, what stewed Pruons and Custards we have sold every sunday at Prayers time in the after-noone, and what doings wee have had all the day after; Oh in those dayes I was a man of great calling. I assure you we have taken more money on a sunday, then we have taken all the weeke after.

Rub. Why all this I confidently believe, therefore I pray what of it?

Leath. Oh: Sir those dayes are done, we must now fall to our prayers on a Sunday, and keep our doores shut all the sunday long, and sing Psalmes, if we please, but we have never a roome to the street.

Rub. Why, how cometh that about, you have not liberty to open your doores on a sunday as formerly?

Leath. The Correcting Parliament: that hath a sight into all trades, hath made an order to the

contrary, which is put in ſtrict executionwee are now in more feare of the Church-wardens than of all the Back-clappers, and Clenching Tenter-hooke Bailies, in the towne.

Rub. Why, you may ſee the Church-wardens and ſo gaine your priviledge.

Leath. No ſir, they are not ſo mercenarie, as Mr. ſmell-ſmock the promooting Parator is; ſix ſhilling a quarter, and free acceſſe to a luſtie chine of Roſt Beefe, *Cum Privilegio*, will not give them content.

Rub. Why, what doe you intend to doe? for I know you muſt needs breake, if this ſtrict order continue.

Leath. Indeed I thinke ſoe too; and I doe not know what courſe to take except my old miſtris, miſtris *Bloomsbury* the fat Bawd in long Acre, will intertaine mee againe to bee ſome ſub-jorney-man pimp; or preferre me to ſome ſuch houſe that hath good trading, and there I may erne leſſe or more, night and day; but pray ſir amongſt all theſe ſorrowes, let mee heare of the good that hath befallen you.

Rub. Why? I tell thee Boy, the great Grape ſucker that hath the Patent for *medium* wine, hath taken a ſurfeit at Weſtminſter, and his patent is broken, I ſhall not need now to breake two ſhillings for a quart of ſack; Ile drinke no more beere now ſweet maſter Leatherbeard.

Leath. I am glad to heare of this good newes, yet I hope you will not ſo ſuddenly leave off, the wholeſome dewes of well ſeaſoned barli-

corne.

Rub.

Rub. I ſweare by the Baccanalian Fountaine, Ile no more Beere nor Ale, it is drinke for the mechanicks; poore and will make a man lowſie, I am reſolved never to drinke any thing but Canarie.

Leath. Why ſir? ſack will inflame your deepe died face, you had more need of a cooler, and rather drinke water than any ſtrong liquor.

Leath. It ſhall be Anis-ſeed-water then; none of your Lambs-Conduit water; But doſt thou heare, doſt thou hold mee ſuch a foole as to ſpend a thouſand pounds for the inriching my face; by inlaying, inameling and double gilding, and now ſeeke to deſtroy all that coſtly worke, you are miſtaken.

Rub. I believe if you hold on, you will bee taken in the night for an *Ignis fatuus* or a going fire.

Leath. Why that, is my chiefe ambition; And I will tell thee what I intend to doe, I will maintaine ſome five or ſix of the chiefeſt Balad-Rimers the whole ragged regiment affords, to make pamphlets and learned Ballads of that great Aldermans projects and the end thereof, and how many poore Vintners hee broake by making them to take their wines at his rate with thankfulneſſe; How many ſpirits he manteined to ſpie into the poore Vintners cellars, leſt they ſhould draw any wine that had not beene damned in his large warehouſe, and not branded with the extorting ſeale of avarice,

which

which shall bee in large volumes; And they shall make Ballades of large sizes wherein shall bee expressed hearty thanksgiving for this so long expected blessing; but I stay over long. I was expected at the Taverne an houre since; farewell Tapster, Ile drinke no more Beere.

Leath. May your Worships face grow rich.

FINIS.